Volume LXXII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 13, 1913 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE LIBERTY WHEREWITH WE ARE MADE FREE.

When thought of what the God may be
Oft changes like the changing sea,—
Revealing that Man's needs profound
To deeper depths of Being sound;
When saviours vanish in a cloud
Attenuate as Enoch's shroud;
When Bibles shrink to myth and tale,
And Church's magic Credos fail,—
Then glows the heart triumphantly;
At last the soul of man is free!
Tradition binds no more his sight—
His searching meets Eternal Light;
Though gleam of Cross and Altar shrinks,
His spirit at life's fountains drinks;
In place of signs and symbols weak
He hears his own high conscience speak;
His soul the Beautiful and Good
Embraces as its habitude;
In truth of self and toil for man
He finds an all-sufficing Plan,—
And is content to know the Whole
Embraces origin and goal.

—James H. West.

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1913. NUMBER 11.

MY SKY.

A tiny spot of glorious blue
Shines in my sky of gray—
I'll show my little sky to you
If you will turn this way.

I know that little rift of light
Will frame a shining star
To glorify the coming night
When darkness drives his car.

If this small spot of priceless blue
Should ever turn to gray
I could not show my sky to you
By either night or day.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

The latest discussions of the Jesus problem receive further consideration in the November number of the *Open Court*. Professor William Benjamin Smith's destructive studies of the Jesus story is considered by A. Kampmeier; while Professor Smith himself assails the position taken by Dr. Frederick Loofs in his Haskell Lectures recently published by the *Scribners* in New York.

One of the latest things in temperance work is a "Poster Campaign," recently inaugurated under the auspices of the Associated Charities of the city of Boston. Our associate, Joseph H. Crooker, ever vigilant sentinel in the temperance army, says in the *Unitarian Word and Work* concerning this campaign:

The churches, in general, are not doing one-tenth as much as they ought to do. The newspapers, as a rule, are silent on this subject; the liquor power keeps them under bonds by their advertisements. The brewers and distillers extensively use the billboards to commend the drink habit and to teach a number of most harmful errors about the effects of beer and whisky.

In view of these facts, there is great need of the Temperance Poster Campaign, to teach the truth about alcohol and to counteract the numerous evil influences at work in favor of drink. Large and small posters have been printed, to be placed on billboards, buildings, and trees, to act as silent but effective teachers of old and young. They contain important and startling facts respecting the evils of drink. There are small posters with brief but forcible statements to be used on letters and bundles, like the Red Cross stamps.

* * * *

It is reported that two hundred cities and towns in Great Britain have engaged in this work, in some as a municipal enterprise; in others it has been undertaken by individuals or societies. Much along this line is being done in France and Germany.

The movement is rapidly spreading from town to town; in Cambridge, citizens and officials are engaged heartily in this campaign. These posters ought to hang in every schoolroom and church vestry. They can be obtained at a slight expense. I most earnestly advise our church people to open correspondence with Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton (43 Hawkins Street, Boston) about this matter.

Our neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Herman Page, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Kenwood, in a recent number of his *Parish Record* has a sober sensible word to say about church attendance. He gives figures to illustrate a truth that applies probably to every Protestant Church in the city of Chicago, perhaps in the country, that "The proportion of church people who attend church regularly is seriously small." He utters a truism that will be recognized by all psychologists and pedagogues, when he says that "Spiritual power, like any other kind of power, can be acquired and maintained only through regular habits." He also asserts that "The strength and influence of the church upon the world at large, as well as upon its own members, must depend mainly on the regular attendance of church people at public services." Our neighbor is an all-around parson, who knows the value of golf, country walks and automobile riding. He is an apostle of outdoor exercise and of fresh air, and has a good word for all these, even on Sunday. But after declaring his belief in all these, he says:

We do not think for an instant, however, that these things are any more important or any more necessary than the need for spiritual refreshment. In fact, we are convinced, when we make a comparison, that most people of our acquaintance need spiritual help more than they need exercise or fresh air, even though it would be hard to exaggerate the need for the last two things.

But we are aware that the words of Dr. Page, sober and sensible as they are, and our quoting of the same, may be regarded as a case of special pleading. The complacent layman may parry the logic with the retort, "You are biased witnesses suffering from empty pews." Perhaps so. Perhaps the more philosophic and inreaching words from Prof. Eucken, copied in another column, may escape this supicion.

The Unitarian Word and Work for November announces editorially that within six weeks at least six promising young men, now connected with other denominations, have applied for fellowship. The majority of these have served in successful pastorates, while two of them are students coming from institutions of learning. This fact is interpreted by the editor as a hopeful indication that the Unitarians may now look forward to the multiplication of Unitarian churches. The chief reason for failure in this direction, it attributes to the "difficulty of finding available men who are so situated as to take up work in those distant fields where prospects of substantial growth are most alluring." This is encouraging. But the

hopes of the Unitarians and Universalists run together in the near future. When they are fused, the joint rays of light will find themselves merging into a still larger and wider radiance. The efforts of the so-called orthodox churches to come together is preparing the way for that church which will stand as the center of a neighborhood, a spiritual neighborhood, a spiritual utility; a civic center that will become a house of prayer, and a house of prayer that will become a training school for citizenship. And these churches will come one by one for a long time yet, perhaps, largely unknown to one another; possibly suspicious of one another; but that there is a precipitancy of the spirit in these directions no student of the religious currents of our time can be blind to. The dream of the Free Religious Association, the achievement of the Parliament of Religion, the quest of the Congress of Religion, all lie in the direction of churches called at first by various names, "Independent," "People's," "Union," "Unitarian," "Universalist," "Central," "Congregational," "Baptist," "Presbyterian," "Methodist," or what not. But they will be churches that, each in its own way and place, will undertake to unify the society which they serve and to spiritualize the forces that eddy round them and through them.

That was an interesting piece of work done by Walter C. Green, librarian of the Meadville Theological School, in the November number of the *Open Court,* where he places twenty-six quatrains of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer poet of Persia,—in the translation of Edward Fitzgerald,—over against as many "Christian Hymns," as he calls them. The sad though graceful, gentle though grim, pessimism of the poet of the eleventh century, contrasted with the courage, touched with joy, of the singers of the nineteenth, is very striking. But Mr. Green interprets the word "Christian" very broadly. We find among these interpreters of faith in the new day, the words of J. G. Whittier, four times, of John Chadwick, Henry W. and Samuel Longfellow, Frederick L. Hosmer, Samuel Johnson, Joseph Tuckerman, William Gaskell, James Freeman Clarke,—eight Unitarians,—as well as John Henry Newman, a Catholic; Robert C. Schrade, who is described as "an ardent follower of the Wesleys at Whitfield;" Richard Barton, the Quaker; Arthur Cleveland Coxe; Henry F. Lyte of the Episcopal Church; one woman, Jane Fox Crewson, is permitted to join this congress of cheer; Michael Spruce, the Scotchman of the eighteenth century, comes with a noble paraphrase of the "Ways of Wisdom," while Addison and William Brightly Rands, from the realms of literature, come with their interpretation of nature, none the less profound and humble because optimistic. Champions of the old Persian astronomer might well match the gentle agnosticism of the eleventh century with more lurid interpretations of the future from the zealous "Christians" who have sung of the "Day of Wrath," and have portrayed the awfulness of the endless hells that await the stumbling finite souls of men. The annihilation, of the star-gazing Mohammedan, is more religious than the damnation, which is still vociferously declared around the earth by "Billy" Sunday and his colleagues and singers. Dr. Carus, editor of the *Open Court,* follows this interesting anthology of Mr. Green with comments on the transiency of life as found in Omar Khayyam, contrasting the same with the gospel of permanence as taught by Buddha, which suggests to the reader the comparison of Buddhistic teachings as here presented with the later day teachings found in the nineteenth century chorus which Mr. Green calls Christian, but which breathes a universalism scarcely to be claimed either by dogmatic or historic Christianity. It is a singing faith and contains notes that came from the scientists' laboratory and the library of the student of non-Christian religions as well as from the confessors whose inspirations come directly from Jewish and Christian scripture.

The Universalist Leader for November 8, is exultant over the triumphs of the National Convention which was recently held in Chicago. Its pages are full to overflowing with the good things said and done. Editorially the Convention is alluded to as a large one, for the denomination. Two hundred and fifty-two delegates were present, "only twelve less than at Springfield, Mass., which is located in the heart of a Universalist population." Besides the delegates four or five hundred visitors were registered. The Convention was felicitated by the hand of fellowship it received from the outside and the greetings from men of other churches. Dr. Gunsaulus, Professor Henderson of the University of Chicago, Dr. Rauschenbusch of the Rochester University and Jane Addams are among those from the outside who were permitted to speak a non-denominational appreciation of the message and the messengers. The heading of the editorial is, "The Universalist Churches Have a Vision of the Universalist Church," and along down the page we learn that the achievement of the Chicago Convention is that "we are now a CHURCH." This is a fascinating dream which has lured and inspired every branch of the Christian Church throughout the centuries, and doubtless if we could get an inside view of the sects and schisms in Buddhism, Mohamedanism, and the other great religions of the world, we would find there the same holy aspiration. Aye, the same confidence in a realization. And still, after the Universal*ists* do their utmost, count their maximum and set their stakes on the outermost limits, there will be

a vast UNIVERSALISM camping outside their lines, working for the universal redemption and singing the universal hope which refuses to stay inside any hypothetical church, or to wear even the broad and inspiring word "Universalist." And then beyond the limits of the universalism which lies unconsciously at the heart of all the denominations, and which is the confessed open teaching of thousands of ministers and churches, there is a UNIVERSALITY, broader than any universalism, that fixes its gaze more or less directly on the coming together on the "other side of Jordan." The conquering universality in religion is a democracy of man in this world, a fellowship of the servers and a communion with the served. We congratulate our Universalist brethren on the success of their Convention and that the keynote at Springfield, Massachusetts, two years ago, *"Getting together,"* became at Chicago, *"We got there."* Very well, brethren, but you must try again. There are a lot of your fellowship outside your fences. The Father's flock is too large to be folded in your little pen, however genial it may be. The synthesis of the Twentieth Century religion cannot be realizd within the boundaries of any one fold, and it resents any arrogant claim of *The Church,* under any name. The old story of P. T. Barnum's remark to E. H. Chapin, the great Universalist preacher, is to the point, and should be an inspiration to the Universalist brethren to prolong the optimistic convictions generated at the Chicago Convention throughout three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and throughout the length and breadth of the land where are found many vacant and half vacant "Universalist Churches," which are living, as the hymn-book says, at a "poor dying rate." And this condition of things is not peculiar to the Universalists. Perhaps all the denominations are suffering from a little too much ecclesiastical consciousness and a little too much confidence that their churches have become *"A Church."* We suggest Mrs. Cheney's prayer hymn for the opening of the next annual convention of all the churches who have become, or are becoming, "A Church:"

And now I pray for Love;
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

No amusement can be healthy that does not give us a better heart for living.

There are more than 77,000,000 in the United States who do not attend any Sunday School.

There are more than 10,000,000 children and youth between the ages of five and eighteen receiving no religious education.

The Great Need in Religion Today

Dr. W. Tudor Jones, the English Unitarian minister who has done so much to introduce Professor Eucken to English readers, publishes in the *Christian Commonwealth,* London, some notes of interesting conversations held from time to time with the great philosopher of Jena. Mr. Jones thinks an increasing number of studious people agree with him that Professor Eucken, more than any other living man, is shaping the religion of the future, hence the significance of these citations. In answer to the question, "What is our great need in religion today?" he replied:

Our great need is, in the first place, an understanding of our real poverty and an insight into the infinite possibilities of our nature. Natural science and technics, as well as the material progress of mankind, have brought us during the past fifty years into a rich inheritance. Here we are surrounded by knowledge, culture and material things, and often indeed by a superfluity of the good things of the world. But in the midst of all this plenty man is lamentably poor in his interior life. He has become more and more uncertain of the reality of God and religion, in Christianity; eternal things have a weaker hold upon him; they have receded into the background of his life, and things of sense and time have come forward.

When asked for a solution of this problem he said:

The solution is only to be found in making a clearer distinction between temporal and spiritual things. Temporal things touch but the fringe of our life. The deepest part of our being, whence proceeds happiness, originality and creativeness is not touched at all by these material gifts. Indeed, we may go so far as to say that the culture of our day also does not touch our deepest being. No doubt we have made advances in the direction of realizing a greater depth of spiritual life when we pass, as we have done in a large measure during the last half century from the things of sense to the things of *mind.* But our task today is to strike still deeper. These depths within us can be fathomed by a faith in the possibilities of our inmost nature; the potentialities which are yet dormant in us. We leave the deepest and best thing in this wide universe—the soul of man—to exist merely, with but a minimum of attention devoted to it, and that merely on the periphery of our life. The problem today is to put such potentialities first, and all other things second.

The German professor is not unmindful of the value of the expansions that have come from the triumph of material science and man's greater control of the forces of nature; but he sees with clear vision what is perhaps dimly apprehended by the great army of "workers," "leaders" and "organizers," who seek by resolutions and votes, and more universal balloting, to right the wrongs of the world and to usher in the kingdom. All these efforts are doomed to fail unless they touch the inner springs of action, reach the spiritual fount of energy. The soul cannot be nourished by organizations or resolutions, and the kingdom will not come from a mere extension of the ballot,—important as that may be.

Professor Eucken said:

But the modern world since the latter half of the nineteenth century has very largely forgotten it again. That period, as you know, has been one of expansion. We have searched the whole world for the meaning of life, for light on the problem of existence; and we have come back without discovering the deepest soul of man at all. Now we are at the end of our tether. We have now to discover the soul.

We have to ask it questions, and it will not be long before we shall receive replies to our interrogations which will surprise the individual and the world. We shall receive an answer that will solve many of our most intricate problems —the problems of poverty, of industry, of the position of women, and many others. Only along this line can a solution to these urgent and pressing questions come. I am aware that great efforts are being made to solve them on secular lines, but I am convinced that all these will prove futile, as the history of human society in many epochs of the past abundantly testifies.

Concerning Professor Eucken's attitude towards women, Mr. Jones says:

He was one of the first—I think actually the first—to open the door of the university classes to women, in Jena. The other professors did not as a class turn the women out, but they ignored them. In beginning their lectures they addressed the men alone, though a few of them addressed the men first and the women second. Eucken addressed the women first, years before they had any official standing in the university. Further, he always encouraged them to enter for their doctor's examination, and some of the best students who have come under his influence were women, from practically all the countries of the world. We can gather enough from Eucken's books that he views the unrest among modern women as a good omen; to him it is a sign that women's personality is reaching a higher state of development. The unrest he views as an actual evolution of the soul towards something higher. What exactly that "higher" may be we have no possible means of knowing until the stage is reached. But to remember this fact is to be on the side of woman in the great and necessary struggle she wages today; to forget this fact is to cause incalculable injury to the soul of womanhood. In Germany, as elsewhere in the world, women are treading this upward path, and they have not found anywhere a more loyal or wiser friend than the Jena philosopher.

England, Germany and the Peace of Europe

Nature, history and tradition have evidently meant Great Britain and Germany to be united. The British and the Germans are of the same race. They have sprung from the same stock. Their languages are very similar and their views are almost identical in all things that matter. Church and school are the two greatest influences in national life. They form the character of the people. It is significant that the same religious ideas prevail in Germany and in Great Britain. Both countries have refused to accept a religion and a church discipline at the bidding of an absolute church domiciled in a foreign country. Both have fought for a national religion and for the democratization of the church. Both have become strongholds of Protestantism. Great Britain and Germany have become equally strongly convinced that the people should be well educated. Hitherto the British have copied German education to a large extent, but now the British educational methods are being largely adopted in Germany. The British have made war upon many European nations, but they have never fought against the Germans. On the contrary, British and German soldiers have fought shoulder to shoulder in numerous battles during many decades down to the crowning Anglo-German victory of Waterloo. The two countries are bound to one another by strong economic bonds. A glance at the official statistics published by the British and German governments shows how closely English and German trade is interwoven, how indispensable one nation is to the other. From information supplied by the Board of Trade, it appears that the whole foreign trade of the British Empire amounted in 1911 to 1,837,000,000 pounds sterling. Of this sum 183,000,000 pounds sterling, or exactly 10 per cent, was trade with Germany. No less than 18 per cent of Germany's foreign trade is carried on with the British Empire.

It is a strange irony of fate that, in spite of all these unifying factors, the two nations should have arrived at such a state of mutual distrust, that only a short time ago a war between them seemed possible. Such a war would have been nothing short of a crime. It would have cost a hecatomb of lives. It would have ruined millions of families. It would have exhausted both nations to such an extent that their civilization would have been thrown back perhaps by a century. It might have weakened them so much that other nations could easily have destroyed their independence. Yet nothing could have been gained by either power through such a war.

Many Germans complain that Great Britain has always been unfriendly to Germany, that she has hampered that country in every way and has thwarted its desire for expansion oversea. These assertions are largely unfounded. England saved Prussia from annihilation in the time of Frederick the Great and of Napoleon I. British diplomats have erred now and then, but on the whole they have endeavored to live in peace and harmony with Germany. This is proved by the numerous Anglo-German treaties and conventions, most of which were entered upon on England's initiative with a view to abolishing all friction between the two countries. Great Britain has concluded an arbitration treaty with Germany in order to make a conflict between the two countries impossible.

The desire for friendly and cordial relations between Great Britain and Germany prevails not only in official circles in Great Britain, but throughout British society. This is evident from the fact that the intellectual leaders of Great Britain have been warm admirers of Germany and the Germans. Carlyle was the greatest admirer of everything German. looking out for a hero fit to be held up as a model to his countrymen, he wrote his magnificent history of Frederick the Great. From Carlyle to Lord Haldane there is a long line of the most eminent Englishmen who have seen in Germany their intellectual fatherland and a second home. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. British admiration of Germany is clearly apparent in Great Britain's desire to shape its administration, its education and its social legislation on Germany's model. The idea which prevails in Germany that the expansion of Germany's trade has jealousy and bitterness in England is erroneous. English merchants are not short-sighted enough to be jealous of German's prosperity. They know that they can do more business with a prosperous than with a poor and ruined Germany. In the United Kingdom there exists no rooted prejudice against Germany. The number of those who dislike Germany is exceedingly small, and their dislike is caused by their distrust of the German navy. Its rapid expansion has made necessary a corresponding increase of the British navy. It should be comparatively easy to wipe out any prejudices existing in England against Germany by full and frank discussion.

Fortnightly Review. —*Sir Max Waechter.*

THE PULPIT

The "Sunny Life" of an International Citizen

The Biography of Samuel June Barrows by Isabel C. Barrows

By W. C. GANNETT

(Continued.)

Although Mrs. Barrows tells so little of their editorial life, UNITY, out of gratitude, must tell one somewhat heroic bit of it here. The Western Unitarian Conference of the mid '80s owed a very special debt to the breadth of mind and the unselfish courage of the editors of the *Christian Register*. It was the time of the so-called "Issue in the West," which turned on the question whether a simply "ethical" basis was sufficient for "Unitarian fellowship," or whether, in addition, a formal adoption of the name "Christian" was essential. A small point it may seem today on which to differ so warmly; and the smaller, since the name "Christian" was claimed and cherished by nearly everyone in the Conference. But the question of *obligatory* creed, tapered down to an obligatory *shibboleth*, among Unitarians, was involved in it; and when this question was deliberately raised, and sincere and earnest attempt was made to impose such an obligation on pain of disfellowship, it had to be frankly met. It was the last issue in the long struggle between the conservatives and the liberals within the denomination, which began in the Theodore Parker days forty years earlier, when the radicals claimed the name "Christian" and the conservatives denied their right to it—and was now ending, oddly enough, with the radicals disclaiming its necessity, and the conservatives insisting that they must take it, or go! Naturally, the West represented the liberal, the East the conservative, view; and UNITY spoke for the liberal majority of the Western Conference. The trouble could hardly help spreading to Boston, where the American Unitarian Association at last reluctantly took action that practically disfellowshipped the Western Conference. The eastern discussion of the question went on month after month in the *Register*, but the UNITY men themselves seldom appeared in it; they had their own western organ,—little read, to be sure, in the East,—and they greatly wished, so far as they could, to keep the trouble at home. They knew Boston Unitarianism well enough to expect its first decision to be against them, and also well enough to feel confident as to the future,—the essential principles of the Unitarian movement were so certainly with them, and all Unitarians so sure at last to be true to those principles.

Under these circumstances much depended on the attitude of the editor of the *Christian Register*. He would have had the sympathy of by far the more important part of the Unitarian body, and perhaps of four out of five of those who immediately surrounded him, had he thrown the whole weight of the paper against the Western Conference. Instead, he rallied about him a small group of eastern men with breadth like his own, held the balance even, gave both views fair representation, maintained dignity and friendliness, tried by private correspondence to see exact facts for himself, and in his own editorial statements showed, not agreement entire with all the positions of the Conference, but very strong sympathy with its liberal tendency. All this involved no little danger for himself. There were men of influence who would gladly have seen him removed from the editorship; and for months he stood ready to go. But wiser counsels and higher loyalties prevailed, and he held his place. Eight years later the expected broadening had come. In 1894 the National Conference made over its constitution essentially on the new lines, the Boston Association silently followed suit in its attitude, and the trouble was over,—save as the wrecks and scars of it remained long in the West. And the swiftness with which this happy consummation was reached was largely due to the way Barrows, and a few who stood by him, handled the *Christian Register*. All Unitarians, they of the East as they of the West, should thank them today.

A certain happy, expansive definition of Unitarianism, struck out by him during the debate, has so much of past, present and future in it that it may well be remembered among our historic phrases, by the side of James Freeman Clarke's "Our Faith" and Charles Ames's little church covenant: "Unitarianism is that free and progressive development of historic Christianity, which aspires to be synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion." His own religious experience had really made religious dissympathy of any excluding kind almost impossible. One of his last articles in the *Independent* told how he wished the churches were so broad that he could join them all, Catholic, Jew, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Episcopalian. "He belonged to all the more important philanthropic and charitable societies of New York; why should he be expected to hold fellowship in only one *church?*"

IV.

One summer vacation the editor was abroad, taking part in various international conventions of welfare, when a telegram from Dorchester startled him: Would he accept nomination to Congress from a combination of Republicans and Gold Democrats, old neighbors of his,—he being a Republican, and the district Democratic? "Will accept, if public interest demand," was his telegram back; and the words closed his *Register* life, and sent him back to the city where, thirty years before, in the "Reconstruction" time, he had taken dispatches in short-hand from Secretary Seward's lips. Again a hard choice, much harder than giving up pulpit for press. A tenderfoot in Congress has small chance to be of importance, and a minister tenderfoot less chance than most. He served usefully on the Committee on Indian Affairs; persuaded Congress to send ships loaded with grain to famine-stricken India; drafted a bill for a United States Probation Law; stood fast against the tide rushing the people into the Spanish War; and he had the honor of being appointed the first delegate from the United States to the Interparliamentary Union for Arbitration. But one term in Congress was all; he carried his political banner too high and too independently to secure re-election. President McKinley trusted and liked him, and, knowing his tastes, sent for him to ask, "Would he prefer to be minister to Greece, or librarian to Congress?" Both positions tempted, but both were

declined. They lingered in Washington, however, living in two rooms again, and supporting themselves by writing for periodicals, "just as unconcerned about the unknown future, and satisfied with the blessed present, as thirty years before." Before the year came to an end another invitation opened a wholly new career. He was fifty-four now, at his best in strength and in training; and the offer, if accepted, he foresaw would be for his "home-stretch."

V.

It was the position of Executive Secretary of the Prison Association of his own state. Much in his previous life had specially fitted him for it. For years he had been active in the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, in Massachusetts Prison Reform, and in National Prison Conferences. Four years before, by President Cleveland's appointment, he had represented the United States at the International Prison Congress in Paris; and he had lately compiled more than one volume of monographs on penological questions. The New York Association is a union of private and public endeavors, supported by contributions, but empowered to inspect jails and report on prison conditions to the Legislature, which prints the reports. Though an old institution with a history of honorable service, it had in some way run down,—the familiar story of sterling directors too busy in other affairs to give time; and it offered a doleful outlook when Mr. Barrows went to New York to examine the situation before accepting. It was a case where resurrection would depend on the man who was Secretary,—and it therefore appealed strongly to our minister-editor-Congressman. So back to the big city they went and arranged a new home in the suburbs; and resurrection forthwith began in the "PANY," as the Prison Association of New York was affectionately called by the family. New friends were quickly won, debts were paid off, the treasury began to fill up, the library was catalogued, poor assistants were replaced by enthusiasts, the office became an attractive and lively place, and the Secretary himself was the busiest worker of all. Another day's schedule, by very contrast with that at the boy-end of life, is of interest: "Seven hours he devoted religiously to sleep; a glass of hot milk made his breakfast, half an hour was given to lunch, one hour to dinner; and the rest of his time was methodically divided. The day began with an hour of Greek,—Homer or the tragic poets for week-days, and Plato for Sundays; then a little German, French or Spanish till 8 o'clock; then practice on the organ till time to open and answer his mail. Until set of sun his duties as Secretary absorbed him. The evening he reserved for other writing and study."

These duties, as they developed, involved wide correspondence at home and abroad, "reaching at least forty states of the Union and twenty foreign countries;" the preparation of notable annual reports, articles for periodicals, and leaflets for broadcast sowing; the giving of many addresses and lectures; the drafting of bills for needed reforms, and many visits to Albany and Washington to convince legislators of their necessity,—a lobby for righteousness; and at least four visits to Europe inside of eight years to attend International Commissions and Congresses. The two most definite reforms he secured in his own state were a probation law of wide application—this he also obtained from Congress for federal prisoners,—and the substitution of a salary for sheriff's fees (so much *per* head and *per* day) in the counties. But he was an ardent apostle of the whole new system of Prison Principles,—those that seek, not to penalize, but to reform, the offender, and to protect society by restoring him to it as a saved citizen. To outline these ideals is to tell what Mr. Barrows was thinking and talking and planning and doing all the last years of his life. They may be summarized thus:

I. *The Community* is largely responsible for, largely able to prevent, its criminal class. "The forces which develop virtue are more potent in reducing crime than the forces which suppress vice."

II. *Classification.* First offenders to be carefully distinguished from habitual offenders. Feeble-minded offenders not to be punished, but to be segregated under proper care. Child-offenders to be treated in Children's Courts, with co-operation from citizens.

III. *Centralization.* The state to control all penal institutions except Juvenile Reformatories. No politics in prison administration.

IV. *Prisons and Jails.* Better prison buildings and a higher grade of prison guards to be provided. All prisoners to labor, and to be paid for their labor,—part of their wages to go to their families. Jails to be used only as houses of detention, while waiting for trial. Those detained to be permitted to work for themselves, and not disciplined until after conviction. Sheriffs' fees to be changed to a salary system.

V. *Sentences.* Imprisonment to be the last, instead of the first, resort. Probation methods to be widely extended, and applied to adult as well as juvenile offenders. Misdemeanants, if probation fails, to be sent to special reformatories. The Indeterminate Sentence, with the marking and grading system, to apply to all offenders, both misdemeanants and felons.

VI. *Release.* Prisoners to be released only on parole. Doctors and judges to be on the Board of Parole. Probationers, after five years' good record, to have record of conviction expunged. Incorrigibles to be permanently segregated by the state.

These were his Prison Ideals,—Probation, the Indeterminate Sentence, the Educational Reformatory, Parole, being the cardinal points. But he was not one to be lost in ideals, or even in methods. The "pastoral" side of ministry the Secretary never resigned. His office and he had a great deal to do practically with the prisoners themselves, and with their victims, the women and children left in the home without their supporter.

Journeys to Europe in prison behalf have been mentioned. One such journey was specially noteworthy. The old prison at Sing Sing on the Hudson had long been a disgrace to the state. It was overcrowded and unsanitary; with cells 7 by 7 by 3½ feet, unventilated save through the iron-latticed doors, and in many of the cells two prisoners confined. At last a commission was appointed to select a new site and prepare plans for new buildings, and Mr. Barrows was put on the commission. From that time he almost lived on his hope to make the "New Sing Sing" the model prison for the world. In several countries of Europe prison-construction is far in advance of our own; and to learn all the best that had been achieved elsewhere seemed but a natural duty to our thorough-going Secretary. Already he had visited and studied twenty-four prisons abroad; but in 1907, equipped with papers from Washington that opened every door to him, he and Mrs. Barrows spent a long summer in inspection, covering fourteen countries all the way from the borders of Siberia to Portugal, conferring everywhere with prison officials and architects, and

returning with full note-books and boxes of drawings, photographs, plans,—the details of thirty-six more prisons. Sixty in all! No one in the country, probably no one in the world, had so much knowledge of prison-construction as he. Long and careful preparation was also made at home; some thirty sites were examined before the right one was found; thirty-four plans were submitted by the architects; several hundred thousand dollars were spent by the state—and then—then everything was undone, and it was decided to rejuvenate the almost century-old Sing Sing! Mr. Barrows did not live long enough to see the complete overthrow of his hope. Some day we, or our children, will see it fulfilled. If his collections are safe, they may yet serve his purpose in making them.

Nor did he live to wear the crown which had been awarded him by his associate workers in Europe. They had elected him President of the Eighth International Prison Congress, which, by invitation of the President and Congress, was to meet at Washington in 1910. It is the greatest honor that can be conferred in this line of reform, and was endorsement of him by experts as one of the leading penologists of the world. The Congress was held according to the plans arranged by him, but his service was over before it assembled.

So the busy years passed, each one increasing the Secretary's usefulness. There had been harvests of success in his other careers; this work for the prisoners was the rich harvest of his life as a whole.

There are grades and ranges of citizenship. He, though no politician, was a *national* citizen; the nation-wide interests appealed to him, and in several of them he sooner or later took part in some marked and incisive way. Thus he not merely looked at, but studied, the Indian question; not merely felt of the negro problem, but toured the South to acquaint himself on the spot with its difficulties and dangers; not merely sympathized with the Temperance workers, but contributed long, careful articles to the Temperance movement. As editor of a Unitarian weekly, he was *ex officio* minister-at-large for any and every good cause. But he was more than a national, he was an international, citizen. He must have been abroad nine or ten times, and it was usually on some errand of philosophy. Of course all of his prison work had the international horizon. So did his interest in peace. The Interparliamentary Union for Arbitration is a body made up entirely of members and ex-members of legislative assemblies; and, as has been said, Mr. Barrow, when Congressman, was the first delegate sent to represent the United States. He attended several of the meetings abroad; and when, in 1903, it met in this country, the preparations for the St. Louis session and the trip of the foreign guests to the Rocky Mountains were entrusted to him. A long summer's toil on his part made all a brilliant success; and when it was over, the remarkable souvenir volume, which the delegates took home as gift from our Government, was written by the same willing hand. So, too, with his friendships,—he drew no line anywhere; he seemed to have friends all over the world. The Christmas cards came from a dozen countries of Europe. Hindus in peril of starving, or perhaps only needing an editor, Armenians in peril of massacre, Russian patriots ever in peril of prison, were wards of his. An Indian orphan left on the battlefield, an Armenian refugee, became members of his family. At his table sometimes sat Man in three colors and four or five tongues!

One of the most interesting chapters in the book, because it reveals the personal charm of the man, is called "Recreations." It takes us to the summer home,—a camp in the woods of Lake Memphremagog, where for thirty years the Barrowses gathered about them friends, the young and the old, a score at a time, till the tally ran into hundreds. A book had to be printed about their good times. *He* was "Uncle June" and *she* was "Aunt Isabel" to all; and some love-name was usually invented for each one by the master of the camp. He was the center and leader in everything,—the fun and frolic, the manual industries, the singing of the morning and evening hymns, the Saturday night dance, the religious service on Sundays. To many lives that summer camp became a dear and almost sacred spot. Now and then there was a wedding, now and then a christening, and now and then a burial among the pines and maples. He brought his study and work there, and attended to each with his usual system. A little cabin sanctuary, built apart in the quiet, was called "The Hermitage," and by five in the morning he was there for three long hours of Greek. One of the books that he never found time to write, but for which notes were made there, was to be called "The Mother God." Letters and "business" had another place and another three hours. In the city winters music was the unfailing joy. The flute and—"not till fifty"—the piano, were his own instruments, and he was learning to play the church organ; and dear to his heart the oratorios in which he took part,—never under any circumstances missing rehearsal. In the later New York life he even "sang in the vested choir of St. George's Church on Sundays, when he was at home"! In his facile fingers he actually carried a half-dozen crafts. Besides his stenography, he had telegraphy; had learned the tinsmith's trade; could hammer out bowls and spoons from metal; at the camp was chief wood-chopper; and in the city a big drawer held the slippers and afghans he used to crochet for his friends, while dictating letters and editorials. He did not play cards, but the one game in which no one could beat him was —jack-stones!

VI.

It was the spring of 1909. In April he was to go on new prison-errands to Paris and Berlin. Mrs. Barrows, sailing before him, heard the Easter bells ring in St. Petersburg. She was there on a prison-errand of her own,—to see if anything could be done to free Madame Breshkovsky from prison on bail, so that the brave old patriot, already worn with twenty-three years of Siberian exile, might at least die in freedom. He lingered behind to push the sheriff's salary bill for Queens County through the legislature at Albany. Democratic and Republican ringsters had combined against it, in order to keep the political plum in their grasp. His last day's work was spent in what he supposed was a vain attempt to thwart their design, and he wrote her, "It means another three years' fight."* The next day found him so ill that he was barely able to reach the hospital in New York. It was

* On the very day of the memorial service in New York Governor Hughes signed the sheriff's salary bill for Queens County. He had won the fight after all!

pneumonia. He said, "Do not cable her, lest she leave her errand of mercy unfinished to come back home." But later, when the end seemed near, and they told him she was on the way, "Then I must be here to meet her," he cried; "I will live till she comes back, and then I will die for joy." With his daughter by his side, he began a great fight, not for life—he knew that was over,—but for just a few days or hours, that he might again see her face. It was not to be. He dictated many messages to her and a brief sketch of their married life. It is the daughter who writes: "The last day came. He referred occasionally to his work, and his regret to leave it unfinished,—he would have liked so much to push things farther on before giving up; but most of his thoughts were of love and tenderness for all his dear ones. Within an hour of the end, when the day-nurse went off duty, he bade her good-bye, and kissed her hand with his old-time courtesy. Finally he said, 'Let us take the big words, with the largest meaning and the slowest rhythm, and then do our waiting,—LOVE and GOD.' Together he and my husband and I sang the Doxology (we had sung hymns from time to time), and then he murmured, on the very threshold of the great silence, 'To the dear Father of us all—and the dear Mother—I commend my whole self,—good night.'"

Then broke the chorus of love and honor and praise. Letters and telegrams came,—from the Governor, from the Department of State in Washington, from members of foreign parliaments, from ex-convicts who wrote they had lost their best friend. Memorial services were held in New York and Boston, men of distinction voicing the general appreciation and sorrow. Many were the titles of honor bestowed in speech and in print: "The Abou ben Adhem of his generation." "A Paladin of all good causes." "Such men are the true nobility; he seemed a part of the permanent beneficent forces of our time." "Such a life reveals where true civic wealth lies." "In so many ways the very last man I know to be spared from the fight and the fellowship." And many and many and many the benedictions of love: "Most of all I think of his fatherly kindness; I think of him as a father who loved all the children in the world." "He carried the griefs of humanity, but he carried them joyously." "Well was he named *June*, his spirit was so bright and sunny, so sweet and loving." "I have never known any one whose presence had so much the effect of a fresh breeze and sunshine." "We who worked under him would like to have said at the service that never was there such a genial and generous man to work for. I always quickened my step as I turned the corner nearest his office, because I should so soon hear his cordial greeting." And—to quote last from a prisoner—this from under the Arctic Circle, from the noble prisoner, Madame Breshkovsky, again in Siberia: "I am happy and proud to have known even a little of the blessed soul of Samuel June Barrows."

Ocober 28.—While the proof of this article lies on the table corrected, waiting to go back to the printer, word comes out of her home that she whose love wrote of the "Sunny Life" has followed him who lived it into the Light and the Love beyond vision. Again it is the daughter who writes:

"The long fight for life of our mother, Isabel C. Barrows, ended on Saturday morning, October 25. For fourteen months a mysterious fever had been battering down the defences of her iron constitution and iron will. Her courage never failed; uncomplaining and cheerful, she kept up to the last the same keen interest and joy in living that had marked all her sixty-eight years of life. A month in the well-loved camp on the lake gladdened the last summer. During the last fierce attack of fever she fell asleep, and slept quietly for ten days until the end. The comrades of a lifetime rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

And his "Then I must be here to meet her!" comes true.

My Library—No. II.

That the reading of books somewhat early in life, even without an impetus from any other source, would have led duly, not alone to the making of books for myself, but to the spending of my earnings for the beginnings of a permanent library of the conventional sort, seems natural enough now; while the ambition to earn all that I possibly could for this purpose whenever I could get the chance, by hurrying our own work at home in order to gain time to "work out" a day or two for a neighbor, seemed then as ever since no hardship whatever. And what a joy it was to make the very first purchase of all, a copy of "Bullion's English Grammar," then required in the schools, a book I still retain, much tattered and foxed, and full of all sorts of evidence of happy study, as well as generously dotted here and there with the current sentimental scribblings, which at that time made me, I doubt not, much happier still. In looking at this ragged volume once more, I am again brought face to face with all the troop of red-cheeked and sweet-lipped, swaggering and aspiring young humanity that everywhere so abounded in those older school days. I again see in this old grammar the eager rivalries of the class, and the still more eager rivalries in the games; I once more engage in the walks, the exchange of simple presents, the awkward pledges of mutual interest, and all the ever-changing show of going and coming and realizing youthful being. I see, too, large spaces where many of my young comrades ought to be, and where must forever be left but the mortal blankness that so saddens the heart, young or old. I hear again many of the "rules," which were so dreadfully logical and well-derived in the book, but which have long since had to yield to the pressure of the evanescent fluidity that everywhere prevails in spite of logician and pedant. Not a very conspicuous place in My Library does this old friend now hold, I fear; but were I an Indian, I should want it laid by my side in the casket that in time shall shut this world from the most eager eyes; for I am sure it is so imbued with the spirit of purest aspiration and most earnest devotion, that I could never be absolutely lonesome were it thus to be near me in all the great Hereafter.

Soon after my purchase of "Bullion," I fell upon my next, a copy of that even then long out-of-date "Comstock's Philosophy," purchased of a vagabond passer-by, while I was sitting in the barn doorway between threshings of the brown and crisp buckwheat bundles, one sunny and happy afternoon in October. How such a reprobate looking fellow came by it, what he had got out of it, what possessed him to offer it for sale, or

how I persuaded my father to allow me to purchase it, I remember not. But I do remember that I had no sooner turned its pages than a whole new world, the world of lucid description and explanation of natural phenomena, was at hand. Here I could learn so many things before unexplained—why a slender column of water balances a mighty sea; how a locomotive engine is constructed; how lightning causes thunder; how levers, which about the farm were called "pries" or "handspikes" or "crowbars," are classified; at what rate sound and light travels, and how this diminishes and increases by changing distance; and a host of other things, so interesting and so useful, that no wonder is it at all, when some days later I was sent down by the woodside to "mow them pesky thistles," my father unexpectedly came upon me snugly seated by the one biggest rock on the place, and so thoroughly occupied with my "Comstock" that only a repetition of rather sharp calls could arouse me. To this day I bless him for smiling rather than scolding me for such unseemly neglect of thistles, in favor of the more attractive natural philosophy. Perhaps he surmised that the subsequent thoroughness of my work would result in a more than usual permanent subjugation of the intruding and destructive "patch," which, according to his testimony years after, it surely did! What a wise custom it would be—indeed how encouraging is the growing custom now—were all the country lads not only permitted to learn how the commonplace processes going on everywhere bring about such astounding results as they commonly see, but were universally encouraged to do this by their elders, even if contrary to every cut-and-dried notion of industrial or other use whatever. Undoubtedly, Comstock's Philosophy has many times been superceded by other text-books much more to the point, and much more interesting; but I doubt if any of these has ever yielded happier service than did my old-time one, through its greedy perusal in the various fields of a farm that was so remote, in its purpose, at least, from "centers of learning." Some of its pages stand out before me even now with sufficient vividness to warrant its retention on the shelves of My Library for all time.

Perhaps it was about this time, also, that I purchased my third volume, one which brings back altogether different aspects of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-five, than either of the others. Its name, "The Soldier Boy, or Tom Somers in the Army," suggests at once its major significance to the boy who had just lived through all the tension and the stir and the sadness of the great Civil War. "Oliver Optic" may have written better stories, but he never wrote one that seemed truer to the times; for had not all of "us boys" dreamed over and over again, and likewise all too often realized over and over again, the passion, the ambition, the glory of "The Soldier Boy" to the full? When I want to feel myself most vividly, as I then thrilled at the brave deeds always being reported during the years from 1861 to 1865, I have only to glance at "Tom Somers," there on the topmost shelf, and it all comes back so fully that the present, with the intervening years as well, are simply annihilated; while once again I find myself waiting breathlessly for news, greeting with tears the empty sleeve or worn face, vowing vengeance on all "Rebels," or staying at home from school to "scrape lint" and "sew bandages," or, perchance, to go hurrahing at "war meetings," or to help at raising a flagpole, although probably not more from exuberant patriotism than from a vigorous desire to help on everybody who promised or undertook to do his "duty." My Library would be as incomplete without "Tom Somers" as my personality would be incomplete without the vividly recurrent imagery of the days to which the book belongs.

It was all unexpectedly that my next additions to My Library came through my father giving me two ponderous volumes—somebody's "History of the World"—which to my raw historical mind revealed a flavor and tang that neither the Parkman's nor the Fiske's of more recent times have ever possessed. For, had they not been secured by money given by one who at the time said he wanted his son "to read good things," and who had with corresponding thoughtfulness selected these volumes from the unused stock of an illiterate neighbor, on a morning when all the springtime of early youth chimed but in fullest merriment with the opening buds and the joyous bird-notes of that most glorious month of May? Treasures have been carried many times before that day and since, under guards celestial or terrestrial, or both combined; but none have ever been more carefully transported, I am sure, than were those two cumbersome books, so full of war, war,—so empty of anything like real history,—yet so full of something that made them none the less a pride-engendering addition to my little Library, as well as the fruitful source and field of almost as many and fierce personal struggles, really to comprehend the meaning of what human life has mostly been busy with since the beginning of time, as its pages actually revealed of what is called "history" itself.

It was in the autumn of my seventeenth birthday that my young man's fancy turned, not as Tennyson says, lightly "to thoughts of love," but seriously to thoughts of religion. Closely following upon this, there came under my eager curious eye a list of the books that were affirmed to be the best of all for everybody to read. On this list were "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History" and "The Works of Josephus," neither of which, fortunately, could I then procure, simply for want of sufficient means. But in time I did succeed in getting one by one others of the same list, which I read with all the devotion that was due my feebly awakened religious consciousness.

The first of these was Paley's "Natural Theology," whose argument from design remains to this day, if not conclusive, yet thoroughly stimulating and ennobling; so much so, that I cometimes wonder whether the philosophic criticisms and objections of modern writers have really substituted anything better for it. It certainly was an uplifting, inspiring and thoroughly good book for me to own and read just at that time; and I am quite unable to see how those who have read it at any time could really have done much better.

Then came, shortly after, D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," which fed my as yet very vague but positive feeling of antagonism toward Roman Catholicism, to the full, and correspondingly interfered for many years after with a more rational understanding of this important agency in medieval and modern history. Indeed, so far as this and kindred topics, such as "the Heathen," and "the Jews" more especially, were concerned, I was thus early embarked on the highest of tides toward a bigotry that would

have satisfied the most exacting, I am sure. But in this course I was fortunately soon to realize a most decided, and, as I must feel, a most opportune check, from reading my very next purchase, Schmucker's "History of all Religions." When I came to read in this prosy volume the accounts there given of some hundred and fifty different sects, each one of which thought by its uncritical members to be the true one, who besides were not very hesitant at calling all the others false; when I came to see how paltry were the real differences between them, and especially the supposed reasons why there should ever be any such number of rivalling, detracting, hair-splitting, quibbling, and often scandalizing denominations, all claiming to be "Christian",—when at last I came as closely as I could to comprehending the real significance of this, the tidal wave of my development towards bigotry was not only opportunely checked, but for the time being almost annihilated, as well.

Yet such waves, set up in the dynamic consciousness of youth, are not easily, or very permanently, or very fully destroyed, or even quieted by any such isolated means. In my own case, when, not long after, I had read, with a view to purchasing, a book entitled "Grace Truman," whose whole purpose was to convince one that, unless one were baptized by immersion, one could not really be baptized at all, and consequently would probably be lost eternally, I actually found myself again embarked, whether or no, for a haven so near to bigotry, that a long distance towards it was made, almost before I was aware of what was going on. So cogent was its reasoning, so massed was its argumentation, so insinuating its style, that my susceptible religiosity responded naturally, and the first thing I knew, I was committed fully to membership in the particular church that the book was calculated to promote. But for some reason I did not buy the book; in fact, not very long after, I came instead to regret most seriously that I had ever seen it. What I did buy, however, was a "Bible Dictionary," one that defined, described and explained, but did not argue or try to convert; and with the use of this there grew the conviction that henceforth I would not hesitate to try as best I could to ascertain every truth for myself, rather than take what purported to be truth authoritatively from anybody else, no matter how specious or long-believed. This decision, this method of procedure, and all the results accruing therefrom, I have never had reason to regret. Indeed, my experiences, studies and meditations have all very convincingly shown me that the man or woman who does not pursue a course very similar to the one I then adopted, must almost necessarily reach in time the point where almost everything, if not all of the so-called "truth" or "truths" in his philosophical or religious fields, is felt to be extraneous and of little or no account, so far as his own particular and innermost needs are concerned. Moral and spiritual "truth," applied as a plaster, given time enough, is sure to wear off; when injected without corresponding welcome and assimilation, it is bound likewise to turn to nausea, if not toxicity. Of all the moral disgusts or poisonings known to growing men and women, those caused by intrusions of this kind upon their religious nature, when too young to defend themselves or discriminate, are the worst; and it makes not much difference whether the intrusion is from a source where the motive is good, or otherwise.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Recent Novels

"The City of Purple Dreams," the story of a young man who comes to Chicago a tramp. He is an Irishman with a superabundance of Celtic temperament which leads him to constantly act a part, and to throw his whole soul into that part at the time, in quite an extraordinary fashion. Immediately on his arrival he gets mixed up in a labor demonstration and makes a speech which takes enormously. Later the same night he holds forth at an anarchist meeting. Here he meets a woman, a Russian Jewess, who becomes his evil genius in a way, although she is instrumental in saving him from arrest, and in stirring his ambition. Having learned his power over men he plans bold financial schemes and eventually enters the wheat pit. His sole stock in trade, beside a little money he has won gambling, is his colossal conceit and ability to make people think that he is a wealthy man. He corners the market, becomes a millionaire, and runs for mayor. In the early part of the story he falls in love with a wealthy girl, and the course of true love, complicated by the Russian, does not run smoothly. In spite of the altogether superhuman fashion in which this youthful Alexander conquers social and financial Chicago, the book promises to be very popular.

"The Ripple," by Miriam Alexander, is another story of that period of which she writes so charmingly—the last of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. It tells of the romance of Diedre van Kaaren, an uncivilized but most beautiful Irish girl, whose family, in the reaction agaist all things Irish, has taken the name of "van Kaaren," hoping to curry favor with the English government. Her brother, loyal to his country, runs away to enlist in foreign service. Diedre follows to bring him back and meets and falls in love with picturesque and reckless Maurice de Saxe. He, at that time, was engaged in numerous intrigues through which he hoped to gain the throne of one of the minor North German States. Having staked everything on her love for him, Diedre discovers that she is merely a "ripple" on the decidedly muddy current of his life. In this extremity she is saved from him and from herself by a kinsman whose unswerving loyalty finally wins her love.

The story is well written and interesting. The writer has caught the atmosphere with her usual skill; and her characters seem as alive as if they were our own contemporaries. OLIVE E. PILLSBURY.

Many people mistake their won't power for their will power.

To think a good thought twice is a long step toward a good habit.

Our unfairness is always based on a lack of faith in our fellows.

Some men never believe in a square deal until they get a poor hand.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

[We print below an extract from the *Indian Messenger*, Calcutta, which shows that the Orient is exercised over at least one of the problems which is now being considered most seriously in our western world—the question of religious education in the public schools.—W.]

We have seen that the cultivation of the spirit of worship is a vital part of human development. If we want all-sided development we must feed and foster the spirit of worship in man. But how best to do it under present conditions in the case of our young men in public schools and colleges is now the question.

We have said that the thing has to be done under present conditions. By present conditions we are to understand not only that the great historical religions of Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity and Islam differ from one another, and their thousand and one denominations from among themselves, but also that modern science holds its sway over the young Indian mind in a way that it never did before. Mr. Cox is not far wrong when he says:

"The absurdity becomes greater when old legends and modern science are taught in the same institution. If I am not mistaken, it is intended to teach biology and geology as well as theology in the Mohammedan University. In one class-room geology will be taught, in another the creation of the world in six days; in one the descent of man according to Darvin; in another, that Adam and Hawwa were the ancestors of the whole human race. It would be better to be purely theological as at El Azhar or purely scientific as at a modern European university."

If by theology or religion we mean hardly anything more than the old world meant, no other choice is left us. Myths like mists must disappear before the rising science or science has not been scientific enough for our young men. Undivested of the myths religion itself runs the risk of being thrown overboard with its swaddling clothes. Those who are at the helm of the State and whose care it must always be to see to the growth of good citizenship should make it clear to the leaders of each religious community that if they do not act upon the principle of *sarvanashe samutpanne ardham tyajati panditah* (the wise man parts with a half when the whole is threatened), under present conditions they must be prepared to see their young men growing without any religion whatever. They must discriminate between the essentials and the non-essentials of their respective faiths if they would not jeopardize religion itself—a thing with which the question of good citizenship is intimately connected. If the decay of religion in young men spells deterioration of good citizenship, the State cannot be indifferent as to how its future citizens grow up. It can reasonably ask the leaders of each religious community to recognize the situation and to whole-heartedly help the State in its experiment.

The success of the experiment will depend on the judicious handling of the entire question. To aim at too much would be defeating the very end in view. Let a liberal Hindu teach in the name of Hinduism the noblest and best in Hinduism answering to the spirit of worship in the Hindu. So a liberal Moslem or Christian in the name of and in accordance with the tradition of his faith. The State can proceed thus far but not to the length of fanaticism which will make common citizenship impossible. If the teaching of Hinduism makes Hindus heartier haters of *Mlechchas*, and that or Islam makes Moslems more intolerant of *Kafirs*, the State would be stultifying itself by the introduction of religious education in the educational institutions recognized by it. In spite of its avowed religious neutrality, government has put down religious practices incompatible with a common citizenship.

GENERAL CAMPAIGN FOR MISSIONS IN 1914.

The great success which attended the simultaneous canvass for money for missionary purposes as carried out in 1912-13 by three denominations,—the United Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church in the United States and the Southern Presbyterian,—has led the leaders of all the Protestant denominations of America to plan for a simultaneous general canvass for home and foreign missions and benevolences, in March, 1914. This is to be a co-operative movement, and while each denomination is working to reach and arouse the interest of its own following, many interdenominational conferences are being held for the purpose of educating the people as to the immediate missionary needs at home and abroad. The Protestant Church membership of America is about 20,000,000, and it will be a great thing to secure concerted and sympathetic action in this cause.

It is estimated that at present something like $40,000,000 is being contributed by American churches to home and foreign missions,, in the proportion of 60 to 40 per cent.

The Standard, from which we gather this information, says: "It is perfectly evident that the churches can all do their best work by close co-operation rather than in isolation from each other. . . . There is in reality a great fundamental spiritual unity among all Protestant churches, which is only revealed as these bodies act jointly in a great common enterprise." W.

"THE STRANGER IN THE CHURCH."

What a lot of unjust criticism against churches in general, and some churches in particular, would ceased to be voiced if *only* new people would follow the procedure outlined in an article under the above title in *The Reform Advocate*. It says:

"The proper course for anyone to take who really wishes to become domesticated in a church is to go to the minister, if he knows no member, and tell him the situation. He will be cordially met and will find himself soon sought out and welcomed to the worship and work of the church. The complaint so common is a slander upon the Christian generosity of those who carry on our churches. Even if interest did not, as it commonly does, stand behind the welcome, the native kindliness of our church members would, often because they remember when they were "strangers in the land."

HOW I BECAME A SOCIALIST

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In her latest book, "Out of the Dark" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), she tells how she became a Socialist. The first Socialist book she read was Wells' "New Worlds for Old," and this led to others. "My reading had been limited and slow. I take a German bi-monthly Socialist periodical printed in Braille for the Blind. (Our German comrades are ahead of us in many respects.) I have also in German Braille Katusky's discussion of the Erfurt program. The

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other Socialist literature that I have read has been spelled into my hand by a friend who comes three times a week to read to me." Manual spelling takes time. "It is no easy and rapid thing to absorb through one's fingers a book of fifty thousand words on economics. But it is a pleasure, and one which I shall enjoy repeatedly until I have made myself acquainted with all the classic Socialist authors." Miss Keller declares that she loves the Red Flag, and what it symbolizes; she has one hanging in her study. Incidentally she confesses that she likes newspaper men; two or three editors have been among her most intimate friends, and newspapers have been of great assistance in work for the blind. "But Socialism—ah, that is a different matter! That goes to the root of all poverty and all charity. The money power of the newspapers is against Socialism, and the editors, obedient to the hand that feeds them, will go to any length to put down Socialism and undermine the influence of Socialists." Of a New York daily she remarks, "Socially blind and deaf, it defends an intolerable system—a system that is the cause of much of the physical blindness and deafness which we are trying to prevent," adding that if ever she contributes to the Socialist movement the book that she sometimes dreams of, she will name it: "Industrial Blindness and Social Deafness."

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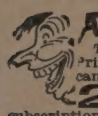
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But flour costs more today than when I read of those great new engines." Her investigation of blindness led her into the industrial world. "My darkness had been filled with the light of intelligence, and behold the outer daylit world was stumbling and groping in social blindness." What a rebuke to us who imagine that we see! "Why is it," she cries, "that so many workers live in unspeakable misery? Why is it that willing hands are denied the prerogative of Labor?" She pictures the day when the Hand of the world will be disciplined and organized. "The limbs of the world must first be restored. In order that no limb may suffer, and that none may keep the others in bondage, the will of the many must become self-conscious and intelligently united. Then the hand—the living power of man, the hewer of the world—will be laid with undisputed sway upon the machine with which it has so long been confounded. There will be abundance for all, and no hands will cry out any more against the arm of the mighty."

In subsequent chapters Miss Keller expresses warm sympathy with women workers. "Their cause is my cause. If they are denied a living wage, I also am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves, I cannot be free." As might be expected, she is a keen Suffragist, but she feels that the social revolution must precede the full emancipation of women—as of men. "I am indignant," she exclaims, "at the treatment of the brave, patient women of England. I am indignant when the women cloakmakers of Chicago are abused by the police. I am filled with anguish when I think of the degradation, the enslavement, and the industrial tyranny which crush millions and drag down women and helpless children."

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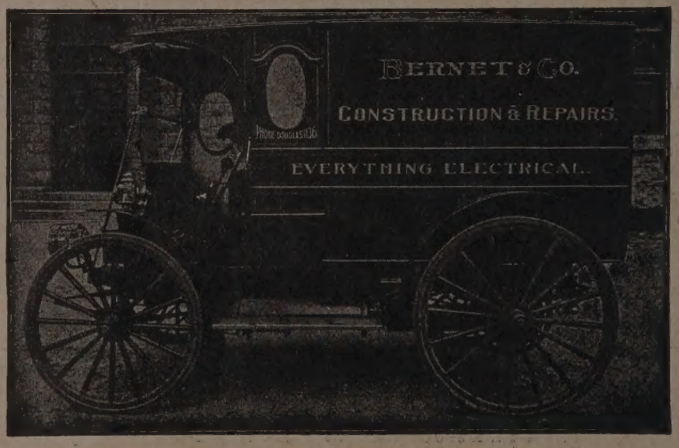

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